

Cass County Republican.

VOLUME II.

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The Republican.

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J. W. WOOD, every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. CAMPBELL,
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C. P. PHINDLE, M. D.,
Office at his residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

JUSTUS GAGE,
Notary Public and General Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real estate. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

CLARK & SPENCER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in C. G. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Especial attention given to collections throughout the North-west.

GEORGE W. ANDREWS,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

D. H. WAGNER,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

COOLIDGE & PLIMPTON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Niles, Mich. Office over R. T. Wambly's Store.

H. H. COOLIDGE, E. M. PLIMPTON.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

DR. E. B. ALLEN,
Dentist and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office at his residence on Commercial Street, directly opposite the Post Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

MERCHANTS.

GEORGE SMITH,
Tailor. Shop over the Post Office. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit.

A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dawson Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

H. W. RUGG,
Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Plated Ware, Front Street, Cassopolis, Mich. Special attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted.

G. C. JONES & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LARZELIER,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c. &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

M. M. ELLIS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c. &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

IRA BROWNELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c. &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.
SEELY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawns, Rockeries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, &c. &c. and every variety of Shrubs.

Office with Dr. Clark, on Commercial Street, second building from the Post Office.

P. P. SEELY, M. D.
W. P. COLE.

P. D. BECKWITH,
Machine and Engineer, Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front Street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

Michigan Central Railroad.

PASSENGER TRAINS on the Michigan Central Railroad, on and after Monday, June 15th, will leave Dowagiac as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.

Mail Express, 9:10 A. M.
Lightning Express, 10:00 A. M.
Night Express, 12:15 A. M.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

New York Express, 8:35 P. M.
Lightning Express, 7:40 P. M.
Night Express, 12:15 A. M.

There will be a Passenger Car attached to the Way Freight between Marshall and Niles—every other day—going west Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—west Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

R. N. RICE, Gen'l Supt.

TROUSING HOOKS, LINES, FLOATS and FISHING TACKLE generally for sale.

H. W. RUGG.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Circuit Court for the County of Cass: In Chancery.
James M. Spedder, Compt.
At a session of said Court, held at Cassopolis, in said County, on the first day of August, 1859.
Present, Hon. Nathaniel Bacon, Circuit Judge.
Defendants.
It is satisfactorily appearing to the Court that a subpoena to appear and answer, directed to all the defendants, has been duly issued in this cause out of and under the seal of this Court; that the same has not been served upon the defendants, Charles Atwood, Blakeley Barnes and Edward Kent, by reason of their absence from this State; and that the said Atwood, Barnes and Kent are non-residents of this State and residents of one of the United States, to wit: of the State of New York; it is on motion of Joseph R. Clarke, Solicitor for the Complainant, and that said defendants, Charles Atwood, Blakeley Barnes and Edward Kent, each of them, appear and answer the bill of complaint, filed in this Court, within thirty days from the date hereof, and in case of their appearance that they cause their answer or answers to said bill of complaint to be filed and served upon the complainant, the time for the complainant's Solicitor within twenty days after service of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; or in default thereof, that said bill of complaint be taken as confessed, and further ordered, that within twenty days from the date hereof a copy of this order be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and published at Dowagiac, in said County, and that the publication thereof be continued therein once in each week for six successive weeks, or until the complainant cause a copy of this order to be personally served upon each of said defendants, Atwood, Barnes and Kent, at least twenty days before the expiration of the time herein limited for their appearance in this cause.

N. BACON, Circuit Judge.
JOS. R. CLARKE, Solicitor for Compt.
State of Michigan, County of Cass, ss.: I, here, by certifying the foregoing to be a true copy of the order of publication, made and entered in the above entitled cause.
CHAS. G. LEWIS,
Register in Chancery.
Dated, August 10, 1859.

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, bearing date May tenth, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on pages 413 and 414, on the fifteenth day of May, 1858, at half past ten o'clock, A. M., and assigned for the day of the said mortgage, on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1858, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on page ninety, by which said mortgage the power of sale contained in said mortgage became operative and no suit or proceedings having been instituted as provided in said mortgage, the sum now claimed to be due thereon, is three hundred and forty-three dollars and no cents. Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises to wit: The south half of the south quarter of section six in township seven south of range number fifteen west, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, and premises to be sold to the highest bidder, at public vendue, at the Court House, in Cassopolis, on the seventeenth day of September, next, at three o'clock, P. M.

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, bearing date the 1st day of January, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on pages 413 and 414, on the fifteenth day of May, 1858, at half past ten o'clock, A. M., and assigned for the day of the said mortgage, on the twenty-second day of September, A. D. 1858, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, on page ninety, by which said mortgage the power of sale contained in said mortgage became operative and no suit or proceedings having been instituted as provided in said mortgage, the sum now claimed to be due thereon, is three hundred and forty-three dollars and no cents. Notice is therefore hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises to wit: The south half of the south quarter of section six in township seven south of range number fifteen west, in the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, and premises to be sold to the highest bidder, at public vendue, at the Court House, in Cassopolis, on the seventeenth day of September, next, at three o'clock, P. M.

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, at ten o'clock, A. M., the following petition was presented to the Court for the probate of the will of the late John A. Smith, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, the Court ordered that the said will be opened and read, and that the executor named therein be appointed, and that the said executor be required to appear at a session of said Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on the first day of September, next, at ten o'clock, A. M., to answer to the said petition, and to show cause why the said will should not be admitted to probate. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner may make and publish a copy of this order in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing.

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on Tuesday, the twenty-third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, at ten o'clock, A. M., the following petition was presented to the Court for the probate of the will of the late John A. Smith, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, the Court ordered that the said will be opened and read, and that the executor named therein be appointed, and that the said executor be required to appear at a session of said Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on the first day of September, next, at ten o'clock, A. M., to answer to the said petition, and to show cause why the said will should not be admitted to probate. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner may make and publish a copy of this order in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an Execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, directed and delivered, I have levied upon and shall expose at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House, in Cassopolis, in said County, on Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of September, at ten o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit: A certain lot of land, containing thirty-four acres, more or less, situated in the Township of Marshall, in said County, and being the same as is described in the last will and testament of the late John A. Smith, deceased, and being the same as is described in the last will and testament of the late John A. Smith, deceased, and being the same as is described in the last will and testament of the late John A. Smith, deceased.

JOSEPH N. MARSHALL, Sheriff.
By LEON S. BUCKLEY, Deputy.
Dated, August 10, 1859.

American House.
Main Street, Niles, Mich.

J. A. PATMOR, Proprietor.
R. T. TAYLOR, Assistant.

Free Omnibus to and from the Cars. No Pains spared to please Guests.
June 20, 1859.

On the Water.

On the water, on the water,
While the Summer days were fair,
Whispering words in soft accents
Through a veil of drooping hair;
While the little car was peeping,
Half-shaded and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said—
On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches
As we floated idly by;
On her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright coronation,
When I told her all my love!
On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight of old years,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for ever more.

Extracts from the Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

Incidents of the Paris Fete.—Peculiarities of the French Marshals Incidents.—The Milanese.

PARIS, Aug. 15, 1859.—Of all the Marshals, Canrobert seemed to have the most friends in the Place Vendôme. His arrival at the head of the third corps d'armee was the signal for an immense outburst of applause. The fact is Canrobert, although he looks most like a warrior, of all the Marshals of France, is known to be the most humane, and somehow or other he has an old hold on the affections of the people which appears to survive the ridicule they attempt to throw on him in certain quarters. McMahon, of all the Marshals, was the only one who retained the keft, and on this account seems not to have been recognized by all the people. He was met, however, in our neighborhood with a hearty welcome; in fact, he rode to his place opposite the Emperor with so quick and rapid a movement that the people got the impression that he did not relish their compliments. On the Boulevard, the indifference with which both McMahon and Niel received the compliments of the crowd, gave rise to a belief that they were dissatisfied with the conclusion of the war. At one point McMahon caught a bouquet which was thrown at him, and handing it dryly to one of his aids, ordered it carried back to his soldiers. Gen. Forey, at the head of the famous 91st Regiment of the Line—the little fellows who did the business under his orders at Montebello—was loudly applauded by the crowd. He is a magnificent man physically—perhaps the finest looking General in the army of Italy. Gen. Bourbaki, an Algerine, commander of the Turcos, and a very fine looking soldier, also received an immense salutation from the crowd. He and McMahon are the two gods of those savages, the Turcos. They would follow them to the world's end, and they obey them in everything, purely through the sentiment of admiration. They say of McMahon, in their African style, that his head is in the heaven and his arms around the earth.

The wounded who were able to march in the procession, were all placed in a mass, and numbered less than a thousand. I need not tell you that their reception by the crowd was of the warmest kind; they were loaded down with flowers. Many of these brave fellows excited the sympathy of the public by the sad nature of their mutilation; but it was reserved for one of them to create an emotion so deep that the women burst into tears, and the men, instead of cheering, gazed with silent respect. This was a young officer who marched proudly with his arms both amputated below the elbow, and the stumps bound in slings across his breast. His face was pale and bore the trace of suffering, but he bore his deformity with the indifference of a true soldier. The Emperor sent a Cent-Garde to him to ask him his name, no doubt with a view to his promotion and relief. A wounded Turco left the ranks and talked for some moments with the Emperor, and a sergeant also approached His Majesty and handed him a paper, most probably a petition for a mutilated comrade. The vicars who were shot through the leg was in the procession, and was stopped and invited to go to the Emperor.

The marshals as fast as they arrived opposite the Emperor at the head of the respective corps, saluted their Majesties, and with their swords wheeled and took position opposite them, so that the soldiers passed between them. As soon as the corps had passed, they took their stations beneath the arcade on which the Emperor and Imperial household were seated. Marshals Pelissier and Randon were already in that position, so that at the end of the ceremony there stood behind the Emperor, besides the two just mentioned, Marshals Baraguay d'Hilliers, St. Jean d'Angely, MacMahon, Canrobert, Niel, and Magan, the latter arrived during the passage of the troops from the other direction. I sat within five feet of the nearest of the Marshals, and was not a little amused at their various modes of passing the time. Canrobert talked constantly in the ear of the Min-

ister of war, (Randon,) gesticulating violently and without cessation, and one could easily imagine that the subject of his conversation was Niel's letter published that morning in the *Independence Belge*. Randon, a tall, straight, active looking man, with gray hair and moustache, listened and acquiesced as if he were exactly of his interlocutor's opinion. Next to Randon sat Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, on a horse as quiet as his master, neither moving nor showing any disposition either to talk or to hold any fellowship with those around them. MacMahon, as seen on this occasion, is either a non-communicative individual, or else something is wrong to-day. He looked gayer down at Solferino, within the smell of gunpowder. His appearance is not striking although he is unquestionably the ablest man in the French army. His moustache is sandy, his hair the same color, and out close; he is but little over the medium height, and slim; his forehead is expansive, his eyes small, and he has the appearance to be a thinker. MacMahon was born in the same year as the Emperor, 1808.

Baraguay d'Hilliers sits next to MacMahon, and although he is a very old man, and has but one arm, he is the most playful man in the lot. He takes off his *chapeau* and finds a quantity of rain collected in the top of it, and to amuse the Emperor and the boy, who sits above, dashes the water on the officers of the Emperor's suite, all the time keeping one eye in front of him to see that the Emperor does not catch him at it. He is a tall, slim, straight old man, who commenced his military career under the first Napoleon, and he handles his drawn sword and bridle with one hand just as well as if he had two. Niel stands next to him, and appears more gay than MacMahon although these two are as down as the discontents at the termination of the war. They had only got a taste of humane gore, and were drawn from the trail with reluctance. Niel is a tall, slim man, with large, hollow cheeks, brown hair, and straggling beard. He has an expression of immense energy in his face, and is destined, with MacMahon to take and keep the first rank in the army. Marshal Bonaparte, St. Jean d'Angely, Commander of the Imperial Guard, is 75 years old, a man of middle height, straight, not heavy in person, with gray moustache, imperial and side-whiskers, (the latter totally destroy the military character of his face) and has a mild, quiet air, calculated to mislead one as to his profession. Marshal Magan was as fussy as his enormous size and a restless horse would permit, while the old Duke of Malakoff looked, I thought, with an eye of jealousy on a scene in which he had not been permitted to take a part.

As one of the regiment bands came to take its station on the Place Vendôme in front of us, while its regiment defiled past, it played the new Italian March, which annoyed the Austrians so much, and which they prohibited in their Italian Provinces. It was the first I heard of arriving in Italy, and the last one I heard of leaving; the Italians ate, drank, went to bed, got up and marched and fought their enemies in unison with its notes; I did the same (all but the fighting) myself. It is one of those glorious airs which raises a man's hair to the perpendicular and sets his nerves in a tremor. It utters the plaintive cry of the Italians struggling for liberty; it calls them from their fire-sides and clusters them under the flag of Independence; it leads them to the mist of raining cannon and flashing steel; hushes to sleep the dying warriors of the field of battle, and then sounds aloud the note of victory. I was always afraid when I heard this exciting music that some one might come along and banter me to join Garibaldi! The world owes Italy her Independence, if for nothing else than her glorious music!

Several arrests of Italians were made the night before the military festival. The old story of Italian assassins is about to recommence, just when we had hoped it was forever quiet. Among the arrests were those of two gentlemen in whose company I crossed the Simplon three weeks ago. One of them, however, by taking the officer to his house showed them his furlough from the army of Garibaldi, and by his representations in regard to his friend, both were at once liberated. I met them only an hour afterwards at a public garden, they recounted their adventures with evident glee of their happy escape. Both these gentlemen were Piedmontese, residents of Domodolpa, and far from being intriguers against the life of the Emperor. It is supposed that all those arrested will soon be liberated.

THE USES OF CHINOLINE.—A writer in the Rochester Union, who saw De Lave walk the rope on Tuesday last week, says his estimation of the value of chinoline is wonderfully increased since that event. Just as the rain storm commenced he saw a beautiful and fashionably dressed lady coolly take off her bonnet and deliberately fasten it underneath her skeleton skirt, then tie a handkerchief upon her head; and after the storm her bonnet reappeared as good as new.

The Emperor Augustus inflicted punishment upon every citizen that was not married, perhaps, as is suggested by a crusty old bachelor, by compelling them to get married?

The Tempest.

BY MISS MARLIN.
Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.—Matthew 8:26.
It was night on the sea. Dark Gullies growled—The winds howled and muttered, then muttered and howled—
As back in the ship, on a pillow asleep, Lay eternity's God, as they moved o'er the deep.
The rain drops came feebly, and breezes arose, As Jesus went calmly, to quiet repose;
The winds sighed and whispered, then whispered and howled—
As over Genesoret, the little barque, hid.
An hour came, and went. The midnight was there And blacker the storm-clouds came black'ning despair—
The red lightnings flashed—then echoes were uttered Deep thunders belowered—then belowered and muttered.

Yet darker and darker grew night's dreary spell—And higher and higher, the white surges swell— And bigger and swifter, the drops of the sea— As the wind and the waves, tossed the ship, o'er the main.
SHEWED as the sky, when no cloud can be seen, JERUSALEM arose, with the GOD, in his mien— One word—and the winds, were all hushed on the deep—
One look—and the waves, like a babe, went to sleep.

Mr. Greeley amongst the Mormons—Salt Lake and Valley—Life in Utah—Polygamy—Mormons at Home.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 18, 1859.
A party of us visited the Lake on Saturday. It is not visible from this city, though it must be from the mountains which rise directly north of it, and more remotely on all sides; but Antelope, Stansbury, and perhaps other islands in the Lake, being mainly covered by high, rugged hills or mountains, are in plain sight from every part of the valley. The best of these islands is possessed by "the Church" (Mormons) as a herd ground or rancho for its numerous cattle, and is probably the best track for that purpose in the whole of the Territory. That portion of the Lake between it and the valley is so shallow that cattle may at most seasons be safely driven over to the island, while it is so deep (between three and four feet) that none will stray back again, and it would be difficult and dangerous to steal cattle thence in the night, when that business is mainly carried on. So the Church has a large and capital pasture, and her cattle multiply and was fat at the least possible expense. The best canon for wood near the city is likewise owned by "the Church"—how owned I cannot pretend to say—but whoever draws wood from it must deposit every third load in the Church's capacious yard. These are but specimens of the management whereby, though the Saints are generally poor—often quite poor, so that a Saint who has three wives can sometimes hardly afford to keep two beds—yet "the Church" has a comfortable allowance of treasure laid up on earth. And her leading apostles and dignitaries also, by a curious coincidence, seem to be in thriving circumstance. It looks to me as though neither they nor the Church could afford to have the world burned up for a while yet.

I rejoice to perceive that a dam over the Jordan is in progress, whereby a considerable section of the valley of that river (40 miles long by an average of 20 broad) is to be irrigated. There are serious obstacles to the full success of this enterprise in the inequality of the plain, which is gouged and cut up by numerous (now dry) water courses; but, if this project is well engineered, it will double the productive capacity of this valley, and I earnestly trust it may be. Let the Jordan be so dammed and its water conducted into literal canals that its whole valley may be amply irrigated, and there are few tracts of like area that will produce more generously, albeit a majority of its acres now seem as sterile and hopeless as the Great American Desert.

That this lake should be salt is no anomaly. All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, while they have severally no outlet, are a salt. If one such is fresh, that is an anomaly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline matter as Salt Lake; but she discharges it through the Jordan and remains fresh; while Salt Lake, having no issue save by evaporation, is probably the saltiest body of water on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediterranean at Leghorn is not half so salt. I am told that three barrels of this water yield a barrel of salt; that seems rather strong, yet its intense saltiness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, mouth, his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay bank, but a very little of it in your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach, over a chaos of volcanic basalt that is trying to suffocate; but they have had one year of virtual and costly hostilities with the federal gov-

have a fine sand bottom, and here the bathing is delightful.
The water is of a light green color for ten or twenty rods; then "deeply darkly, beautifully blue." No fish can live in it; no frog abides in it; few birds are ever seen dipping into it. The rugged mountains in and about it—just such scurped and seamed and gulched precipices as I have been describing ever since I reached Denver, have a little fir and cottonwood or quaking asp in their deeper ravines or behind their taller cliffs, but look bare and desolate to the casual observer; and these cut the Lake into sections and hide most of it from view. Probably less than a third of it is visible from any single point. But this suffices.

LIFE IN UTAH.

These Mormons are in the main an industrious, frugal, hard-working people. Few of them are habitual idlers; few live by professions or pursuits that require no physical exertion. They make work for but few lawyers—I know but four among them—their differences and disputes are usually settled in and by the Church; they have no female osteopaths, few doctors, and pay no salaries to their preachers—at least the leaders say so. But a small portion of them use tea and coffee. Formerly they drank little or no liquor; but, since the army came in last year money and whisky have both been more abundant, and now they drink considerably. More than a thousand barrels of whisky have been sold in this city within the last year, at an average of not less than \$8 @ \$250,000, whereof the Mormons have paid at least half. If they had thrown instead \$150,000 in hard cash into the deepest part of Salt Lake, it would have been far better for them. The appetite they are requiring or renewing will cling to them after the Army and its influx of cash shall have departed; and Saints who now drink a little will find themselves as thirsty as their Valley, before they suspect that they care anything for liquor. As yet, I believe they have few or no drunkards; but there is nothing more deceitful than the appetite for liquor. As yet, Utah has not a single export of any kind; the Army supplies her with cash; when that is gone, her people will see harder times. She ought to manufacture almost everything she consumes, or foreign debt will overwhelm her. Yet, up to this hour her manufacturing energies have been most unhappily directed. Some \$200,000 was expended for iron-making at a place called Cedar City; but the ore, though rich, would not flux, and the enterprise had to be totally abandoned, leaving the capital a dead loss. Wool and Flax can be grown here cheaply and abundantly; yet owing to the troubles last year, no spinning and weaving machinery has yet been put in operation; I believe some is now coming up from St. Louis.

An attempt to grow cotton is likely to prove a failure, as might have been predicted. The Winters are long and cold here for the latitude, and the Saints must make cloth or shiver. I trust they will soon be able to clothe themselves.
Sugar is another necessary of life which they have had bad luck with. They can grow the Beet very well, but it is said to yield little or no sugar—because, it is supposed, of an excess of alkali in the soil. The Sorghum has not yet been turned to much account, but it is to be. Common Brown Sugar sells at 70¢ per lb; coffee about the same; in the newer settlements, they are of course still higher. All sorts of imported goods cost twice to six or eight times their prices in the States; even quack medicines (so called) and yellow-covered novels are sold at double the prices on their labels and covers. Consider that the people came hither over a thousand miles mainly of desert, after reaching the Missouri, which was many hundreds if not thousands of miles from their former homes—that they generally reached these valleys in the Fall, which afforded them excellent chances of starvation before they could raise a crop—that they have been constantly infested and begged or stolen from by the Indians whose game they had killed or scared away, and who feel that they have a right to live here so long as there are cattle or crops to live on—that these valleys are lofty, narrow and parched by intense drouth from May to November—that implements and seeds are scarcely to be obtained short of three months' journey and then at an enormous cost—that they have had one year of virtual and costly hostilities with the federal gov-

ernment, in which very little could be done, and improvement was out of the question—and I am amazed that so much has been well done here in the way of building, tilling, fencing, planting trees, &c. Of course this city is far ahead of any rival, being the spiritual metropolis and the earliest settled; but I am assured that the valley of Utah Lake is better cultivated than this, though Provo, its county seat, is far behind this city, which, with its broad, regular streets, refreshed by rivulets of bright sparkling, dancing water, and shaded by rows of young but thrifty trees, mainly Locust and Bitter Cottonwood, is already more attractive to the eye than an average city of like size in the States. The houses (of adobe or merely sun-dried brick) are uniformly low and generally too small; but there is seldom more than one family to a dwelling, and rarely but one dwelling on a lot of an acre and a quarter. The gardens are well filled with Peach, Apple and other fruit-trees, whereof the Peach already bears profusely, and the others begin to follow the example. Apricots and Grapes are grown, though not yet abundant; so of strawberries. Plums are in profusion, and the Mountain Currants are large, abundant and very good. Many of the lots are fenced with cobble stones laid in clay mortar, which seems to stand very well. That of Brigham Young's garden and grounds is nine or ten feet high, three feet thick at the base, and cost some \$800 per rod. Undoubtedly this people are steadily increasing in wealth and comfort.
Still, the average life in Utah is a hard one. Many more days' faithful labor are required to support a family here than in Kansas, or any of the States. The climate is severe and capricious—now intensely hot and dry; in winter cold and stormy; and though cattle are usually allowed to shiver for themselves in the valleys, they are apt to resent the insult by dying. Crickets and grasshoppers swarm in myriads, and often devour all before them. Wood is scarce and poor. Irrigation is laborious and expensive, as yet, it has not been found practicable to irrigate one-fourth of the arable land at all. Ultimately, the valleys will be generally irrigated; but this will require very costly dams and canals. Frost is very destructive here; Indian corn rarely escapes it wholly, and wheat often suffers from it. Wheat, oats, corn, barley, rye, are grown at about equal cost per bushel—\$2 may be taken as their average price; wheat is usually heavy, though this year it threatens to be relatively light. I estimate that one hundred and fifty days' faithful labor in Kansas will produce as an aggregate of the necessities of life—food, clothing, fuel—as three hundred such days' work in Utah. Hence the adults here generally wear a toll-worn, anxious look, and many of them are older in frame than in years. I ardently hope it may not always be thus.

POLYGAMY.

I do not believe the plural-wife system can long endure; yet almost every man with whom I conversed on the subject seems intensely fanatically devoted to it, deeming this the choicest of his earthly blessings. With the women, I am confident it is otherwise; and I watched their faces as Elder Taylor, at a social gathering on Saturday night, was expatiating humorously on this feature of the Mormon system, to the great delight of the men; but not one responsive smile did I see on the face of a woman. On the contrary, I thought they seemed generally to wish the subject had been passed over in silence. Fanaticism, and a belief that we are God's especial, exclusive favorites, will carry most of us as a great way; but the natural instinct in every woman's breast must teach her that to be some one's third or fourth wife is to be no wife at all. I asked my next neighbor the name of a fair young girl who sat some distance from us with a babe on her knee. "That is one of Judge Smith's ladies," was his quiet, matter of course answer. Of course, no woman spoke publicly—I believe none ever speaks in a Mormon Assemblage—and I shall not ask any one her private opinion of Polygamy; but I think I can read an unfavorable one on many faces.
Yet Polygamy is one main pillar of the Mormon Church. Its *prophets* have two or more wives rarely apostatized, as he could hardly remain here in safety and comfort as an apostate, and dare not take his wives elsewhere, I have heard of but a single instance in